DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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THE CAPTURED ELEPHANT.

The Elephant, the largest and wisest of all quadrupeds, is most abundant in India and Central Africa. Huge and powerful as the animal is, it is easily brought under control by man, and soon learns to understand and obey his orders. He will carry with his trunk the timber intended for building and other purposes, and sometimes the ends of the beams are tied with a rope, which the elephant twists round his trunk, and thus drags the load behind him. He draws with ease a block of wood that twenty-five men can hardly move.

Elephants also carry heavy burdens on their backs, their necks, their tusks, and even in their mouths. They never break or injure anything committed to their charge. From the banks of the rivers they put their burdens into boats without wetting them, laying them gently down, and arranging them where they ought to be placed.

They have been extensively used in India from remote times; and the English now use them just as the natives always have done. They are so exceedingly useful that the Government has wisely forbidden the killing of any of them, under severe penalties, and it permits the hunting of them only to those who will be carful not to injure them.

Perhaps our readers may like to know how the wild elephants are caught. In the regions where elephants live, the elephant catchers make a large strong pen of beams and logs of wood, the upright parts being set very deep in the ground so as to stand firm. From the large pen there is an opening into a smaller one, and from this into another still smaller. After the pens are all ready, many hundred men surround a large herd of elephants and begin to drive them toward the pens. As elephants are very much afraid of fire, the men build fires at night, and these keep the elephants from trying to get out of the ring which the men have formed around them. During the day-time the people keep up a loud noise with drums, rattles, and the firing of muskets. The elephants are thus gradually driven forward nearer and nearer to the pens, and at last the herd, or a part of it, is made to enter the large pen, the entrance to which is at once tightly closed.

The elephants now perceive that they are entrapped, and bellow loudly with rage, but seeing no passage except into the next pen, after some delay, they enter it in the hope of escape. Finally they enter the smallest of the pens; from this a long passage leads to the open country, but so narrow that the elephant cannot turn around in it, and only one animal at a time can pass along. Into this passage the elephants, one by one are driven or coaxed by food, and as soon as one ventures in the door behind him is quickly closed. He is then bound with strong ropes, and a strong rope is also put around his neck, and each end of the rope is fastened to a well-trained tame elephant, and thus the tame elephant helps his master to take the captured one to two large trees, to both of which he is securely fastened. The elephant at first roars and struggles, and tries hard to get away; but soon he becomes tired out, and weak, and hungry, and is willing to eat the food which is brought to him; and so he grows more and more tame each day, and at last he comes to like the man who brings him food, and obeys him as his master.

Many volumes might be filled with pleasing, instructive, and wonderful stories about elephants, showing how wise, intelligent, and kind they are, and how much they become attached to those who treat them well. Even in their wild state they never try to hurt smaller animals, and if a wounded man or child be in their way, they will remove him carefully and pass on. When a herd is on its march through the forests, the large male elephants put themselves in the front, and tear down branches and uproot trees, to clear the way for the females, the young, and those that are feeble through age, who follow behind.

If they act thus while in their wild state, we may imagine how gentle and careful they are when tamed and treated kindly. They are very fond of little children, and Hindoo mothers often leave their little ones in their charge. The mother will place her babe on the grass, under the shade of a large tree, and will say to the elephant, "Mind the baby," and he will keep the most careful watch of it, and if it walks or creeps from under the shade, it will very gently enfold it with its trunk and carry it back. If flies or mosquitoes trouble the little one, it will tear off a small branch from the tree and keep them off, and the child

is no more afraid of the immense, but kind animal, than a little one with us is of the family dog. It is wonderful, too, with what gentleness and care these enormous animals will make their way through crowded streets of Indian cities, gently touching with their trunks those who are in their way, and never hurting anybody.

KATHERINE'S FIRST SACRIFICE.

Little Katherine sat in the pew alone. The chip hat which her mother had woven as best she could had slipped back on her shoulders as she sat leaning forward, with her small chin resting on her hand and her eyes on the preacher.

Nobody would have guessed but that she knew the sermon by heart, so well had she seemed to listen; and indeed, she could have told a great deal of it, but she was a little body and there were many parts she could not understand. Besides, strange as it might seem, she had something troubling her busy mind; indeed, the whole of the service through she had been halting and wavering between two opinions.

Nobody would have dreamed of it, but the more she tried to listen, the more the conflict went on—the more she wavered and hesitated. A stray glance once in a while toward a small coin in her hand would, alone, have given a clue to the direction of the troubled thoughts.

It was a little silver bit, one of the valuables she had hoarded among the odd scraps of things in her treasure-box—the most valuable of them all. But she had nothing to drop in the treasury she had come to think was the treasury of the Lord—nothing but the one coin looked at and kept so long. This she had resolved to give up, and, with a fluttering little heart, had taken it from her box and carried it in at the pew-door without a thought of turning back; but the time of the service was long, and the little treasure grew dearer each moment that she had it, and, before she was aware, she was debating earnestly with herself whether to part with it, after all.

When would such luck fall to her again? How empty would the crevice be at home; how strange she would feel when she was no longer rich; and, besides, it was such a bit of a thing, would the great, far-away Eye ever see it, after all? And she would take a tiny glance, to see if it was still there. A sorry conflict she had of it, and preaching-time never seemed so wondrously long. How her heart quickened and fluttered as she heard at last the jingle of coin and knew that her turn was coming—that she must either give or keep.

"There'll be plenty," she thought; "nobody dreams about mine, and the great folks are dropping in enough to build a church,—don't I hear it ring? He won't see mine;" but a small, still voice seemed to be saying: "He sees the smallest reed hidden in the brook, and knows the evil and good thoughts hidden within the heart, and He will see and remember the smallest gift for His name's sake.' In a minute more the little coin was dropped among the treasures of the great folks and slipped down out of sight among the larger coin, and Katherine leaned forward again, with her chin resting on her hand, and sat thinking; but they were light thoughts this time, like the sweet, soft breathing of the air after the restlessness of [illegible]. Then she felt and knew that He saw, and that her treasure was safer than it had been before.—*Geo. Klingle, in N. Y. Observer.*

THE LAST SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

The most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar; but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady in the garrison fired the first shot. Never did a siege war rage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privateers that ran in, amidst terrible dangers, with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who, sailing off the strait, captured a small fleet of Spanish war ships and merchantmen, and clearing the strait of of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all danger was not yet averted; Gibraltar was again blockaded; scurvy broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. The enemy crept closer and closer to the fortress, but relief coming every now and then enabled the English still to hold out. The bombardments were fearful to endure. "The city was almost destroyed; scarcely a house habitable, and those left standing pierced by shot and shell." At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town; Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783.—*Harpers' Magazine.*

— The Normal College of New York city has recently finished its eighth year. This college, it is well-known, receives girls who have graduated from the grammar departments of the city schools, and gives them special training for teaching. There were about 1,300 students during the past year, who accomplished much satisfactory work. The graduating class—211 in number—were obliged to pass examinations in fifteen studies. The number of accepted candidates for admission next year is over 700; so that the institution enters on its ninth year with a roll of about 1,800 names.

— In his address at the Commencement at Amherst College, Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock remarked: "The really instinctive scholar is also instinctively a gentleman. But scholarship may be acquired, and so, too, may the gentlemanly habit. It is one of the good signs of our time that so many of the old barbarous customs of college life have already been outgrown. Let none of them be spared. The memory of them is all we need for our cabinet of fossils. Let this institution be known as one within whose precincts no freshman is ever outraged, no son of poverty despised, no faithful instructor insulted, and it shall wear a crown of glory among its rivals."

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Temperance Department.

HOME AND SOCIAL WINE DRINKING IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is a little depressing, to say the least, to find it necessary to fight our moral battles over again and again; but social, like civil, struggles are born of the perverted appetites and passions of the human heart, and while human nature remains in its present condition, no lapse in virtue or ebb in the progress of the race is impossible.

A generation ago, and more, it was found to be hopeless to attempt to put a stop to drunkenness, except by a general movement on the part of the better portion of the community voluntarily denying itself of even the temperate use of wines and intoxicating drinks, training by precept and example the youth to shun all spirituous beverages, and creating a powerful popular sentiment against the use of alcoholic liquors. It was found impossible to break up public drinking and curb or cure the vice, while wines were used at the tables of respectable persons, at marriage parties and other festivals. It was found, indeed, to be no ordinary undertaking, to attempt to break up the domestic custom of all previous time. The use of wine was esteemed so indispensable an element of a social occasion, it had apparently been so sanctified in Gospel history, it required so much courage at first to withdraw it from the table where it was expected, to refuse it where others used it and it was proffered as a courtesy, that it was many years before the "best families" removed it from their sideboards, and ceased to offer it to callers and place it upon the table. It was found, however, that the whole reform hung for a long period just here. As long as these social customs prevailed, drunkenness would continue and the lowest resorts would find ample support in administering the *coup de grace* to those whose appetites were first inflamed at the tables in their own homes, and were nourished by the heated beverages provided at evening parties.

For many years, however, except in a certain stratum of the so-called "upper classes," the wine-cup, especially among professed Christians, was at length quite generally banished from sight. It had no place at the daily meals; it was not provided at evening parties; it did not appear at the marriage ceremony; and was rather conspicuous for its absence than its presence at the table of hotels, in New England at least. A generation quite temperate in the matter of stimulating beverages came up under these wholesome influences. Strenuous restriction and prohibitory laws were enacted, and executed with great vigor; drinking became a shame and an offense; the selling of it more or less disgraceful. The work of reforming inebriates was undertaken with much success, and a change in the drinking habits of the nation was secured, so marked as to attract the attention of our British neighbors, and to awaken an agitation and crusade in the same direction, which has not yet exhausted its force.

But during the last ten or fifteen years, particularly during the war and the speculative period that followed, in which fortunes were accumulated in a day and men rose suddenly from comparative poverty to large wealth, the social customs of the people have been greatly deteriorated. The wine-cup has been gradually returning to its conspicuous place at the fireside and in the festival. Men have forgotten the terrible occasion which induced its banishment. Some ministers have rebelled against the limitation placed upon their indulgence of what they have made themselves believe to be a harmless beverage if temperately used, and against being bound by the same voluntary obligation which is assumed by a helpless drunkard, and which, in his case, they believe to be useful. After a few open protests of this description, and delarations of unrestrained liberty from well-reputed divines, it was not long before the sparkling cup appeared openly upon the tables of wealthy, professed Christians, and scruples against its use at weddings and festivals began to give way. It is a significant and singular fact that, at this moment, the accomplished clergyman in New York who is fighting most vigorously the fiend of intemperance in his lowest haunts, and opposing his open breaches upon the Sabbath, has been among the most out-spoken in his defense of his own table from the criticisms of total abstainers, and positive in refusing to have his social liberty restrained by the judgment of others. He can conceive of no punishment too severe for the brute who, trampling upon the holy Sabbath, the law of the land, and the moral sentiments of the community, deals out fatal beverages to tempted and helpless men and women; and still his own expressed sentiments and well-known example become the occasion and the apology for hundreds of young people, who enter upon a life of social indulgence which is sure to end in inevitable drunkenness, poverty and wretchedness, beguiled by the well-intended but mistaken defense of a temperate use of wine by this eminent minister.

In one of the most impressive addresses delivered at the late Episcopal Congress in Boston, by one of the most accomplished and trusted of our elder physicians, himself by no means urging or even recommending the acceptance of the heroic measures of pronounced temperance men, the speaker showed, by terrible actual incidents occurring in his practice, that even the most temperate use of wine, at the home table, without the addition of deep social draughts, would induce such a physical condition that one would suddenly find his whole vital machinery worn out, and himself beyond all the power of medical skill to give relief from excruciating pains and a terrible death. It is also a well-known and dreadful fact, that, while in the first generation, the use of wine may be controlled and limited to moderate quantities, in the instance, of the children of wine-drinkers, the appetite when awakened becomes a madness, and is absolutely uncontrollable. It probably rarely ever occurs that, in a family where wines are placed upon the table and used by parents, some of the children do not become hopeless drunkards. Our own observation has gathered multitudes of the saddest and most heart-rending illustrations of this fact.

We are astounded to know that some whom we have learned to esteem as professed Christians have yielded to appetite and social customs in this respect. We can hardly conceive of any possible Christian activity, or even benevolence, that can be considered a compensation for the actual evil accomplished by such an example of indulgence. If one cannot, for Christ's sake, for the salvation of a generation of young people, for the possible rescue of frightfully tempted men, deny himself of such fleshly indulgence as the stimulating and inebriating cup, he is not worthy of the kingdom of heaven. It was thus in the former years with us; the theatre, the card-table and the wine-cup were the Egypt that was heartily left behind when the old saints started for the promised land; and a sad fact it is that any pilgrims should sigh again for the leeks and onions they have left behind them.—*Zion's Herald.*

BRAIN DETERIORATION.

We have now learned that even moderate drinking, in ninety cases out of a hundred, temporarily paralyzes the nerves that govern the minute muscles that hold the arteries and the veins in proper tension. This injury of the finest nerves allows the circulatory-system to become relaxed and so your heart beats faster; but there is no more force in the heart. The whole effect is like the acceleration produced in the motions of a watch when you take the pallets off the machinery. Dr. Richardson, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, has lately told us in his Cantor lectures on alcohol, a work introduced to America by Dr. Willard Parker, that "alcohol paralyzes the minute blood vessels and allows them to become dilated. The dilation follows on the reduction of nervous control, which reduction has been induced by alcohol." (Lect. III.) Therefore there is a flush in the face; and not only there, but the flush pervades the whole system, and especially the brain, for which everybody knows that alcohol has a peculiar local affinity.

Go to the Hunterian Museum in London and men will show you skeletons of two lions, both poisoned, and with the same kind of poison. There is a mark on these skeletons at the point where that poison expended its chief force. All physicians know that poisons have a local action within the system, and that sometimes a rifle-ball has no more definite point of impingement upon whatever it is aimed at than poison has in relation to the object against the welfare of which it is directed. We must remember that the special local affinity of alcohol is for the brain; and that the relaxing of the fibres which allows the heart to beat faster is not a sign of health, but of disease; and that the moderate drinker, in ninety cases out of a hundred, is thus honeycombed through and through with this relaxation. Its effects are seen first in a lack of moral feeling. But when fever strikes him down, when cholera attacks him, when sun's heat and life's heat come together, he breaks more easily than he otherwise would. In your remaining ten cases perhaps there may be apparent immunity for a while, but in old age a man is more brittle than he would be otherwise; and in the next generation, what do you get? Why, when there is a confirmed and inveterate habit of wine-drinking or other habitual and prolonged, although moderate alcoholic stimulation, the succession of generations differs in character usually not very far from what it was in Webster's family—colossal strength in the father of Webster; colossal strength in Webster; erratic strength in the son; lack of control in the grandson—a boy who made of his grandfather's amusements his whole occupation—and what the next generation would have been, the law of hereditary descent will tell you. Inexhaustible strength, eccentricity, moral weakness, and then the condition which your *Atlantic Monthly*, choice about its language, describes by the adjective "spooney"! Even giants may detoriate to this stage in four generations.

On all the physical vices God is throwing the progress of the sciences as we throw spades full of earth on a coffin. "Apples of Sodom," "Circe's Enchantment," was the ancient language about all the physical vices; but the microscope and the scalpel are revealing to us, in characters of fire, the depth of those old metaphors.

SUPPRESSING INTEMPERANCE.

Seldom, if ever, has there been so much interest and active effort to suppress the multiplied evils of intemperance in different parts of the country as at the present time. Differences of opinion and of method prove how wide and deep is the feeling that prevails in this important matter. The army of attack upon indiscriminate liquor selling is just now operating in two separate wings, but there is no reason for any antagonism between them, for neither has any object to accomplish that is inconsistent with mutual co-operation. If men with different views as to the best methods cannot work in precisely the same way, they may at least sympathize in one another's efforts, and emulate each other in the zeal and patience with which they labor.

In Elmira, the Murphy movement has met with the success that has been so marvellous in other cities. Its peculiarity is the way it confines itself to purely moral agencies, and the care with which it avoids exciting hostility by violent attacks upon liquor dealers. This movement appears to be sweeping all before it. In the Essex County, New Jersey, Temperance Convention, last week, several persons of considerable prominence, who took an active part in the proceedings, spoke very strongly in regard to suppressive measures, and in Newark a league of voters has been formed for the purpose of vigorously shutting up drinking saloons, as far as is practicable, through legal methods.

There can be no doubt that the public opinion which tolerates the disregard of wholesome laws on this subject, is shameful. No effort should be spared that may in any way quicken public sentiment, so that our public officers will be compelled at least to respect the obligations of law. But let all the friends of good order those who wish to see vice and crime and pauperism diminished, as they certainly will be by diminishing the number of fountains from which they flow, abstain from all opposition to one another and unite heartily in drying up the sources, by a rigid enforcement of the laws that are now on the statute book. If any of them can do better by persuading men to abstain altogether from that which degrades and debases and destroys them, let them do it, but, if we cannot do all, let us do what we can.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PREACHING TEMPERANCE.

At the anniversary of the Free Church Temperance Society Dr. A. Bonar, of Glasgow, said:

In connection with this subject of total abstinence, I may say that, being willing to do what the Church commands, I preach—when they tell us to do so—once a year on temperance; but I do not like so well to preach special sermons on this subject as to refer to it when a suitable opportunity offers in the course of Scripture exposition. My church is in a territorial district, and now and then a publican comes to the neighborhood, and he steps in and takes his seat; but I have scarcely found any of them stay a whole year—and yet I never preach temperance sermons, but whenever, in my exposition, I come to a passage that gives me an opportunity, I go fully into the subject. For instance, I lately came to the passage, "Woe to them that rise early and drink wine, and continue at night till wine inflame them." The margin says, "till the wine pursue them"—till the wine gets hold of them. Well, that is a grand text on the subject. Another day I came to the words, "greedy of filthy lucre." The meaning of that is a man following a base trade; and I never fail to tell my people that the publicans are "greedy of filthy lucre" in that sense. The consequence is, that I have never been troubled with publicans, except in the way of taking seats, for the last ten years. One man in that trade sent me a message that he was coming to me with a certificate from Paisley, and I sent back to him a message that he might save himself the trouble. Well about four months afterwards he came to my house—for I will never go into their houses, because people think it makes their houses respectable for a minister to go into them. I said to him when he called, "Did you get my message?" He replied, "Yes, I got it; but I have given up the trade." I would like to talk to the brethren about that mode of preaching temperance to which I have referred. I find it most effectual in the congregation—just to speak always when the subject comes up in the course of reading—never to pass over a point; and there are various other ways of working on behalf of temperance in going in and out among your congregations. But I confess that the way I work most is by my personal example. I tell everybody at a marriage, or anywhere else, that I would not taste a drop of wine. Many a time have they said "Oh! but this is a particular occasion; put it to your lips;" but I just reply, "No; I wish the company all the health you like, but I will use my own way of doing it." That is egotistical, but I think it is a testimony on behalf of the cause. I have been an abstainer, I am sure, for thirty-seven years, and I have never all that time had one serious illness, and even then I did not touch a drop of intoxicating liquor—so that I can say that I have had nothing stronger than tea or coffee for the last thirty-seven years, and I suppose I have better health, through the great kindness of God, than almost any minister of my acquaintance. Strong drink does not make a man strong.—*League Journal.*

FOLLOWING ADVICE.—There is one point to which I would like to call the attention of teetotalers. I find a good many people who say to me, I was a teetotaler for many years; but I became rather unwell, and the doctor said that I must take a glass of wine daily for some time. I broke my teetotalism then, and I have not been teetotal since. To such people I say, "You did not break your pledge by taking wine as a medicine when you were ill; but you broke your pledge by continuing the medicine after the sickness had left you. Some forty years ago I had a severe attack of typhus fever; the doctor ordered wine, and I drank I know not how much to keep the system from sinking. To subdue the inflammation the doctor also shaved my head, and applied a blister Through the blessing of God on the means employed I completely recovered my former state of health, and as soon as I was well again, I discontinued both the wine and the blister. Had I continued the wine to this day, many people would have thought that I had done quite right; whereas had I continued to shave my head and wear a blister for these forty years, every one would have set me down as mad. I have reason to believe, however, that the blister did me more good than the wine, and on medicinal grounds had the best claim for being continued; but a word is enough to the wise, and you all understand my meaning."—*Rev. John Myles.*

A TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS.—The Mayor of Denbigh intends to ascertain at what houses people who indulge in drink get tipsy. Instructions have been given to the police to take down the names of public-houses which have supplied drink to every drunken man brought before the bench.—*Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald.*

—"Alcoholic liquors are the most stupendous curse that afflicts our land or the world! He who tampers with them, plays with a nest of adders. He who offers them to others, whether at the table, or in the New Year's entertainment, holds out an ensnaring poison to his fellowmen." A correspondent quotes the above as the words of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, and asks ministers of Christ to put to themselves, individually, the question, "Am I less guilty than the persons above referred to, when I hand the intoxicating cup to communicants at the Lord's table?"

—The Newark, N. J., Conference recently pledged itself to total abstinence, and ordered its clergy to preach a temperance sermon the second Sunday in May, and passed a resolution of thanks to the sixteen members of the Legislature that voted for local option.

—A temperance restaurant has been established in Detroit by the Woman's Union, and it is proposed to erect a building to accommodate the immense audiences which assemble at the temperance meetings now being held there.

—A ton of ice is daily placed in the Sons of Temperance Fountain, in Independence Square, Philadelphia. This probably interferes with the business of the neighboring liquor-saloons.

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

2 COR. 5, 10.

Agricultural Department.

FARM VILLAGES.

To discuss a modification of the whole system of farming would involve far more detail than is possible in this paper, since we must include the consideration of features which would change with changing locality. But by way of illustration we may take the previously supposed case of a farmer owning one hundred acres of land and milking a dozen cows, selling the milk as before in the distant town. Assume that he and his neighbors within a radius of about a mile are living in a central village, from which his land is one mile distant. During the working season, say from the middle of April until late in October, he must with his teams and assistants spend the whole day on the land. The cows are milked and all stable-work done before breakfast, and some one drives them out to pasture. The men remain afield until an hour before sunset; they must be content with a cold dinner, as is the usual custom with mechanics and laborers. The cows are driven home in time for the evening milking, and are put into the barn-yard at night with green fodder brought home by the returning teams. After the "chores" are done, and a hearty and substantial supper is eaten—the principal meal of the day—all hands will be too weary for much enjoyment of the evening, but not so weary that they will not appreciate the difference between the lounging places of a village and the former dullness at the farm. Other farmers in the neighborhood will, many of them, also be milk producers, and as the stables are near together they will naturally co-operate, sending their milk to market with a single team, employing the services of a single man in the place of five or six men and teams heretofore needed to market the same milk. I have recently received an account of this sort of co-operation, where the cost of selling was reduced to a fraction over eight cents for each hundred quarts.

This arrangement will have the still further benefit of allowing the farmer to remain at home and attend to his more important work, leaving the detail of marketing to be done by a person especially qualified for it and therefore able to do it more cheaply than he could do it in person. During the working season there will be enough rainy weather to allow the work of the stable, the barn-yard, and the wood shed to be properly attended to. There will, of course, be sudden showers and occasional storms and other inconveniences which will make the farmer regret at times that he lives at such a distance from his field work, but he will find more than compensation in the advantages that come naturally from living in a village. For his wife and children the improvement will be absolute, and it will be no slight argument in favor of the change that both in-doors and out-of-doors a better class of servant will be available, because of the better life that can be offered. It will be easier to secure the services of laborers who are married and who live in their own houses, and so avoid the serious annoyance to the household that attends the boarding of hired men.

To make this radical change in any farming neighborhood as at present constituted would be impracticable. It would probably take a generation to convince the farmers of a community of its advantages; it would cost too much, even if not entirely impracticable, to move the house and stables to the central point; and it would involve such a change of habits of labor and of living as must necessarily be the work of time. However, if the principle commends itself to the leading men of the neighborhood, and especially to young men about to marry, the nucleus of a village may be established, and sooner or later the present or the coming generation will find a way to come into the fold.

If we assume that by this or some other means the more intelligent of the young men are induced to remain farmers, it is interesting to consider in what way their greater intelligence is to be made to tell on their work so as to secure the necessary improvement. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that young men of the class we have in mind, those who now seek occupations which afford a better field for their intelligence, and who seek them because of their intelligence, would establish such centres of discussion and interest in improved farming as would not only displace the worthless gossip now so common at the country store, but would awaken a real enthusiasm in better processes and systems.

Not only would there be this tendency toward improvement, but where farmers are close neighbors and are able to conduct their interests in such a way as to help each other, there would naturally grow up some sort of co-operative business. By the establishment of a butter factory or cheese factory, or by the common ownership of a milk route, or the raising of honey or of poultry, or the establishment of some valuable breed of live stock with a reputation for excellence that will cause it to be sought for from abroad, or by some other combination, they would secure profitable business.

Of course all the farmers in New England cannot within the next ten years move into villages, but what is suggested is that the farmers of some one community should try the experiment. Their success might induce others to follow the example, and, little by little, in proportion to the promise of a good result, more and more would seek the advantages which the system would offer, so that sooner or later the benefits which are now experienced in village life in Europe might be felt here in the higher degree which greater intelligence and greater freedom would be sure to produce.

While advancing these suggestions, with much confidence in their practical value, I would by no means confine the outlook for Eastern farming to this single road to success. Co-operative industry may be largely adopted among farmers living at some distance from each other. The cheese factory has become an institution. The better quality of the product when made in large quantities, and the better price that its quality and the improved system for marketing have secured, constitute a very decided success in our agriculture. Butter factories are coming into vogue with a promise of equally good results.

A very good substitute for the co-operative management of a milk route is in very general adoption throughout New England, where some single farmer who devotes himself chiefly to selling milk buys the product of his neighbors' dairies for a certain fixed price, taking upon himself the labor, the risk, and the profit of marketing. The co-operative breeding of live stock cannot as yet be said to have become well established, but its possibilities of success are considerable. A community can afford to buy and keep a thorough-bred horse, or bull, or boar, or buck, which would cost far too much for the means of a single owner, and thus gradually give to the stock of the whole neighborhood a superiority that will secure it a wide-spread reputation and insure good prices. Let us keep always in view the important principle of making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; but let us remit no effort which may tend to make one blade worth what two were worth before.

Incidentally, there may be combinations to secure good outlet drainage for tracts of land belonging to different owners, and later, a provision for the general irrigation of these lands. It is not to be hoped that, either as a whole or in its details, agricultural improvement is to be advanced with anything like a rush. Farmers are generally "conservative" in the worst sense of the term. They have during the past generation adopted many improvements and modifications in the methods of their work, the mere suggestion of which would have been scouted by their fathers; but they are themselves as ready as their fathers were to scout any new suggestion, and it is only by iteration and reiteration that the shorter steps of tentative experiment can be urged upon their acceptance.—*Geo. E. Waring, Jr. in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE APPLE WORM.

The codling moth or miller, the parent of the worm found inside the apple, makes its appearance the last of June or the fore part of July, when the female spends her time and energies in the orchard, flying from apple to apple, depositing her eggs on the blossom-end of the fruit. It is estimated that a single moth will deposit not less than 100 eggs on as many apples. From these soon hatch a little worm, that immediately begins to eat its way to the core of the apple. The worm remains inside till it completes its growth, and having destroyed the vitality of the half-grown fruit, the later falls prematurely from the tree, either before or after the worm leaves it. The full-grown worm now seeks some shelter secure from birds or other enemies, under which to undergo its transformation. The most of these pupæ remain wound up in these silken cocoons till the following spring. Some of the earliest of them, however, complete their transformations and enter the perfected or moth state in a few days, and soon deposit eggs, as did their mothers, in the blossom-end of the apple, for a second brood of worms. These worms from this second brood are the ones found in the fall. So destructive are these little pests that in many orchards nearly half the apples are ruined for market by them. Many farmers recommend allowing sheep and swine to run in the orchard, to devour the wormy apples as they fall from the trees. This is good as far as it goes; but, as many of the worms leave the apple before the latter falls and as the half-grown apples are not readily eaten by sheep or swine, the preventive is not a sure one. The plan now recommended by entomologists for ridding our orchards of them is to wind around the trunks of the trees bands of straw, paper, or old cloths about the time the worms leave the apples, when, in their search for secure places to spin their cocoons, many of them will crawl under these bandages for that purpose. By examining these bandages two or three times a month, thousands of larvæ may be killed. One-half thus killed (allowing one-half to be females) will be just so many less to deposit each 100 or more eggs on as many different apples. By allowing sheep or swine free access to the orchard, many of the worms will be destroyed by them. By united efforts on the part of the orchardists in trapping them in the manner referred to, their destructive influences can be very much lessened. As both sexes of this moth, unlike the females of the canker-worm moth, are provided with wings for flying, the tar bands recommended for the one will not answer for the other; but the paper bandages will. If the loose, scaly bark (their natural hiding-place) be scraped off the tree, the bandages will be more effective, as more of them will find their way beneath them. But unless these bandages are examined occasionally and the larvæ killed they will do more harm than good, as they will afford the worms just the place they were searching for to pass their chrysalid state, secure from birds.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Cistern Water.—In our climate, where rain is abundant during a considerable portion of the year, the water falling upon the roof of any house, if properly collected and stored, is ample for the whole supply of the family which that roof shelters. This water as it falls is ordinarily free from any impurity that can affect its taste, and from every source of serious fouling, though after a long-continued drought it is well to divert and discharge upon the surface of the ground the first ten minutes' flow of a shower—so that the impurities of the air, and the dust of the roof may be first removed. After this first dash, lead to the cistern all that follows. Even with this precaution the water will be more agreeable for use if filtered. There are numerous systems for making filters in cisterns, but no other is so simple, nor so durable and satisfactory as the separation of that part of the cistern from which the suction-pipe leads by a wall of brick and cement. It is simply necessary to build a wall of brick set on edge (two and a half inches thick), so as to include about one-quarter of the area of the bottom, sloping it back so as to terminate against the side of the cistern at a height of from four to six feet. This wall should be so well cemented at its joints that water can only pass through the material of brick, and for strength its form should be slightly bulging. A wall of this sort, measuring say six feet at its base and rising to a height of six feet at its highest point, will transmit an amount of water sufficient to supply the demand of the most constant pumping that any domestic use can require.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Feeding Young Fowls.—There are few farmers' wives who do not raise a flock of chicks every year without difficulty; but we have heard many complain that they had tried turkey raising until they gave up in disgust. As I have been remarkably successful with this most tender of all fowls, I will give my plan of feeding, which is simply, feed nothing raw. I prefer feeding corn bread made of unsifted meal and cold water. Make the dough stiff, and bake in a slow oven until done—no more. If baked too long the crust will be hard, and if the meal is sifted the bread will be sticky. Enough can be baked at once to last several days, and is more convenient than mixing raw meal every feed. I think it well to feed all young fowls in this manner; but always found it absolutely necessary to bake bread for turkeys and common ducks. The Aylesbury are more hardy; but I follow my old plan and bake bread for them also. I have fifty-seven at this writing that are growing nicely. Lice are often the cause of death in young fowls, and must be got rid of before they will thrive well. I prefer using an ointment made by stewing tobacco in lard to anything else that I have tried. Anoint the breast and underpart of the wings of the mother and head and under parts of the young, and vermin will give you no further trouble. If these simple directions are followed, together with housing until the sun is up and the dew is nearly gone in the morning, and on stormy days, you will never fail to have a nice roast for Christmas.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Test for quality of Milk.—A member of the American Farmer's Club thought it quite as important in butter making to know the quality as the quantity of milk yielded by each cow. One needs to know the percentage of cream to determine the value of the cow, for butter, and as the price of butter is influenced by its color (some believe the color determines the flavor), the test should give both quality and quantity of cream. This is easily and cheaply done by filling a glass tumbler with the milk of each cow, and setting these tumblers in a cool place for the milk to rise. The transparent glass will show the thickness of the cream and its color. In this manner one has the milk of the several cows under inspection at the same time, and can therefore make an accurate comparison. Both night's and morning's milk should be thus tested. This testing often proves that the cow giving the smallest quantity of milk makes the most butter. A few hours' time will show the comparative quality of the milk given by each cow in the herd, and enable the farmer to select but those that give cream of a rich golden color, and make away with the remainder, supplying their places with others it will pay better to keep.

Potato Beetle Remedy.—The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says:—Good authorities condemn the use of the poisonous Paris Green for the destruction of potato bugs, and suggest carbonate of lime instead. They say that the latter is equally fatal to the bugs, while it is harmless in other respects. Farmers will do well to give it a trial.

DOMESTIC.

Breakfast Stew of Beef.—Cut into pieces about an inch in length two pounds of uncooked beef that is not too lean. Put into a stew-pan, with just enough water to cover them, and stew very gently for two hours. Set away until next morning, when season to taste with pepper, salt, chopped onion and parsley, and a very little sweet-marjoram. Stew half an hour longer, add two teaspoonfuls of sauce or catsup, a tablespoonful of browned flour moistened in a little water. Boil a few minutes, and serve.

Mint Sauce.—Slightly melt one large tablespoonful of butter, free from salt, and cream into it the same quantity of flour; add this to one small teacupful of boiling water, stirring constantly, that it may not become lumpy; put in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three of sugar. If lemon juice is substituted for the vinegar, and it is much nicer, take half the quantity, and add a tablespoonful of water or it will be too thick. Boil it well for a minute or two; let it cool slightly, and stir in half a small teacupful of chopped mint. If the mint is added while boiling hot it becomes wilted, and the freshness is lost.

Quenelles.—Chop very finely the white meat of either fowl or veal left from dinner the day previous; moisten one teacupful of fine bread-crumbs in three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk; then drain them as dry as possible. Beat one egg very light, yolk and white together. Work into a paste the meat, crumbs, egg, and two tablespoonfuls melted butter; season with salt and pepper. Flour the hands, and form the mixture into round balls about the size of a very large walnut, and roll them in flour. Have boiling hot one large cupful of well-seasoned gravy, from which the fat has been removed, and, putting in the quenelles, boil fast for five minutes. Put into a hot colander to drain, and when the gravy has been thickened with browned flour, put in a dish and pour gravy over them, sending hot to table. If preferred, when the quenelles are moulded, roll in beaten egg and cracker dust instead of flour, and fry in hot lard or butter. When done, roll them in paper to absorb the grease, and serve as hot as possible.

Rapid Baking.—I notice that some of our friends ask questions, for which they must wait for answers, when their own experience and judgment could have worked out the problem for themselves in one or two trials of skill. For instance, one asks whether or not it is better to knead graham bread. Now, how easy to try one baking by stirring it hard with a spoon, as some directions are, and then try next time by slightly kneading, and let the judgment, or the verdict of the family, decide which method is best. For own my part, I sometimes do one way and again the other, but give the preference to slight kneading, as it better shapes the loaves, and, as far as I can see, is equally as good. If, however, I do not wish to get my board, I let the spoon stir it, and it does as well. I also find, I continued, that there are many ways of experimenting, and so doing as to save putting the hands in dough, especially if warm cakes are to be made for tea, and one does not wish to be at much trouble to do it. Instead of making and cutting out biscuits, I frequently drop my dough, stirred as hard as needful, on to sheets of tin or into gem pans, using my experience to get them about right, and seldom fail of good luck. So can cake be made hastily, measuring with a spoon as we know is about right, then dropping on to tin and baking in a very few moments ready for the table. It is much less trouble than making cookies, while it is more sure to come out light, if haste is required, than is a loaf, and nothing is better relished than our little drop cakes when newly baked.

GOING TO MARKET IN BELGIUM.

We put harness on the horse, and he is so docile and obedient we can guide him whichever way we choose. The Esquimaux fasten their dogs to their sledges, and over the hard frozen snow they gallop with them at their master's will. The South Americans can teach their llamas to bear burdens for them up and down the mountains in the same way.

But what is this Belgian woman doing with her team of pigs so neatly harnessed? Can they be trained to be useful? Are they leading her to market? No; we are able to do a great many clever things no doubt, but we have not yet learnt to conquer pigs. At least we can only be a match for them in one way, and that is what our friend in the picture is doing, or going to do.

She never wears a bonnet or a hat; she just ties a handkerchief over the thick white cap, which is her usual head-dress, and she is ready. In some mysterious womanly way she puts the cords round the pigs, and off she starts with them to market. Her husband is sitting at home smoking; or he may be away at the wars. Whichever it is, he is in the habit of leaving all these matters to his wife. Most likely he has a little cornfield; she sows it, reaps it, and cultivates it. Perhaps he has a little farm; she yokes the horses, takes them to water, and milks the cows. So, of course, the pigs are her charge too; she knows all about them, and this is why she is now sallying forth to sell them.

But we must return to the question, How is she persuading the pigs to go to market? Why she can only do it by pulling them back as hard as she can, whereupon the pigs make a point of starting forward! If they think you want them to go one way, they resolve instantly to go the other. I have often watched a Welsh pig with a piece of string tied to its hind leg or tail, and with a vast deal of tugging backwards the pig would get to market at last. The Belgian pigs seem to have more comfortable-looking harness, but the process is the same, It is very discreditable to the pigs no doubt to be treated this way. If they only knew how they were imposed on one would think for very shame they would mend their evil tempers. But, after all, I have seen things almost as bad elsewhere, have not you?

I have been in a nursery, and heard nurse say, "I can't do anything with Miss Lucy to-day, she is so con*trary*" (she always lays the stress on the last syllable to make it more emphatic). I have been in a school, and sometimes thought that being told not to do a thing seemed just to put it into a boy's head to go and do it. I am afraid you will be shocked at the comparison, but is not this very like the pig which when pulled one way, directly goes the other? Well, we see how ugly it is to have such a perverse and crooked spirit, and we must wage war against it. We must ask One who is very strong and mighty to fight for us, because it is more than we can do ourselves. He can make us like to do what we are told to do. He can take away from us that stubborn thing, our own will, and lead us gently after Him—the loving Shepherd—of whom it is said, "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him."—*Child's Companion.*

GOING TO MARKET IN BELGIUM.

A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A DRAKE.

"Mr. Drake."

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"One-and-sixpence, sir."

These words were exchanged between a bank clerk and a shock-headed little lad, the tips of whose ears only reached just above the counter, at which he was standing, in the Finsbury Savings Bank.

And he was Mr. Drake then? Of course he was, or rather Master A. Drake, and the one-and-sixpence was his. And small bird though he was, he received his bank book with an air of far more importance than did the depositor whose name was next called, as she quietly replied to the question, "How much?" "Two pounds ten shillings and fivepence," a payment in cheque.

As regards Arthur Drake's one-and-sixpence, thereon hangs a tale; not a very long one, so don't be afraid it will tire you. Arthur was one of several Drakes, brothers and sisters, who were all, himself included, sad little spendthrifts when they had any pence to spend; money would somehow always burn holes in their pockets, and invariably find its way to Mrs. Stickey's toffee-shop on the other side of the street, or to the fruiterer's, to be exchanged for something suckable, eatable or wasteable. Well, "once upon a time," as the fairy tales say, it chanced that as Arthur was making his way to Mrs. Stickey's with a half-penny some one had given to him, intent upon the purchase of a mixture called sugar-stick—at least, that is what Arthur called it, he had to wait for some carts to pass before he could get across the road, when some large bills on a wall behind him attracted his attention, and he stopped a few minutes to amuse himself by reading them.

"Hey O!" cried he, "a house to be sold for three hundred pounds; is that cheap, I wonder? But what's the use of a house to me, and a half-penny won't buy one; if it would mother should have one to-day. Wouldn't it be fine, though, to have a house all to one's self, without a lodger in it like Frank Large's father has. No Mrs. Squibbles to call us a pack of nuisances, as she did when we upset a bucket of water over her clean stairs by accident, nor a fidgety Miss Finnicks to tell me I keep her cat out when he wants to come in; if I do it don't do him any harm, cats want fresh air as well we do, and then she threatens me with a something about prevention of cruelty to animals, when I would not hurt a hair of the old fellow's tail. Then again, there's Mrs. Sparkles, our landlady, dear, dear, such a disagreeable old woman sure never was; we children can never do right for her; still, whatever she is, Will Bates had no right to call her names, and she served him well right when she boxed his ears for it; it's wicked of children to make game. So after all there is nothing like having a house to one's self."

Arthur looked again at the three hundred pounds and then at his halfpenny.

"Well," he reflected, "a half-penny is something towards that big sum, and halfpennies enough would make it, and take away only one halfpenny and it would not be three hundred pounds any longer but two hundred

pounds nineteen shillings an eleven-pence halfpenny; then, after all, a halfpenny is of some consequence, is it not? and what a lot of them I've spent at Mrs. Stickey's. I'll save this one for a change, and put more to it when I get them; fancy if it should grow to three hundred pounds some time, it might, mightn't it?"

"Yes, it might, Arthur, if you put it the savings' bank; I am afraid it won't unless you do," said a voice over his shoulder.

"Lily Lee, is it you; ain't I silly to be talking such stuff and, to myself, too?"

"No, Arthur," replied the little girl, whom he had called Lily Lee, "I think you have said something very wise, and if you will do what you say you will be wiser still; only put your money in the bank as I do; they will take as little as a shilling, so save up till you get one and then take it."

"So I will, and thank you, Lily."

It was not very long before Arthur Drake mustered a shilling, for, being an obliging, honest little fellow, he was always willing to run an errand or do a hand's turn, so that pence often fell in his way; then his father, hearing what he was about to do, put sixpence to the shilling, "to encourage the lad," he said.

But not to make a short story long, as the years went by, and Arthur grew older and stronger, so did his account at the bank. He got into a situation, as soon as he was old enough, and mounted a step higher and a step higher, his wages mounting with him, till he got from the bottom of the ladder, by steady, honest industry, to be the top of the tree where he worked, and his deposits still increased as his means increased, so that before he had gained his twentieth year his eighteen-pence had made more than three times eighteen pounds. And since then a little bird has told us—ah! and it was a Drake, too, that brought the word—that he has now got a house all his very own, such a snug little nest, too, and Lily Lee is to about to become his wife. And what do you think Arthur says? Why that the foundation of his house is built upon a halfpenny, which, of course, is right, isn't it? So save up your halfpennies, and they, by adding to, will grow to pounds. Follow Arthur Drake's example,—we don't mean to the very letter, because it is not every small head would entertain so large an idea as that of buying a house, but take care of your pence, for you will find a nice little saved-up sum very useful some day, depend upon it, that you would not have had if you had wasted your money You will also thus have it in your power to benefit a needing fellow-creature. It is a grand thing to help one another. What saith the Scripture? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*British Juvenile.*

THE OLD SEXTON'S SON.

"Come in, young man. Sit right down by the fire and dry yourself. There's to be no meeting to-day, but I thought I'd be on hand, as may-be some mightn't know about it."

As the rain was falling heavily we took the comfortable seat that the old sexton offered, and after the usual remarks on the weather, made some enquiries about the neighborhood, in which we were a stranger.

"Yes, young man, there's not many hereabouts that I don't know. I've been sexton of this church for nineteen years, and except one week when I was out of town, there's not been a meeting of any kind that I've missed."

"Indeed, that is a long record. The old church must seem like home to you."

"It's more than home to me. In this room I found Christ, and since then I've seen my whole family confess his name in this church. Over in the corner of the churchyard lie wife and seven children. I'm an old man now, and soon I shall join them. So, you're stopping at the hotel-keeper's, are you?"

"Yes, and he seems to be a very pleasant person."

"Yes, Lawson is a fine man. I've known him for years. But I've been afraid ever since he took that hotel. It would be all right—but that bar. Young man, I believe there's a curse from God Almighty on that business. I remember when William Jamieson put up the first hotel in the village. There was hardly a man in the county more respected than he. He kept a respectable house, but that bar brought trouble into our place. The young men spent their evenings at the tavern instead of at home, and lounged about the bar and learned to smoke and drink. It had a bad influence on the boys. Jamieson lost the respect of the neighborhood. One of his own sons died a drunkard; another, the oldest, took his own life; and the old gentleman was so troubled that he drowned himself in the lake. Yes, my young friend, I've watched it. It is a curse to him that sells, and to him that buys. More than one of my neighbors' sons I've buried out in the churchyard yonder, that I knew was brought there by the appetite they got at Jamieson's bar. And I can tell of whole families that's been broken up and brought into sorrow by the same cause. I thank God that I've never come to the grief of seeing one of my children a drunkard."

"Did you ever hear of my son John?" continued he. "Well, it's ten years since my last boy left me—left me for ever. I counted so much on that boy, and he was always kind and trying to help me. He was very fond of the water from a child, and often wished he could go to sea. When he was twenty-one he said. 'Father, am I free now?' 'Yes, my son, free to go and to come; and may God's blessing rest on you.' Then he told me that a captain had offered him a place on a lake steamer, and that he would try it for one season, and then he was coming back to help me. He saw that I looked anxious, and spoke up:—

"'Father, are you afraid that I will not keep straight?' 'Well, my son, it's a very hard place. There are many temptations,'—and then the noble boy stood up straight, and looked me in the eye and said, 'Father, do not fear. I promise you that I will do right, and that I will not touch a drop of liquor.' 'Then go, my boy,' I said, 'and God will keep you.'"

Here memories of some great sorrow seemed to overcome the father; the tears started to his eyes, and he bowed his head as though unable to go on. There was a hush in the storm without and a stillness within, as though the elements paid respect to an old man's grief.

He continued: "I never saw him again. That night my son was burned to death. He was in the hold when the steamer caught fire, and they could not reach him till it was too late. Ah, young man, may you never know a father's grief in such a case. But he was true! The captain told me about it. He said, 'I gave the men their grog that night as usual, but John held off. I urged him several times, and the hands laughed at him considerably, but he stood firm. After we were done John stepped up and said, "Captain, I came here to work, not to drink. Don't you or any other man ever ask me again." Those were his last words.' Young man, don't you suppose I was comforted at that? My boy was true at the first temptation, and God spared him another."—*The Wayside.*

MARGIE'S GARDEN.

"I wish I had a garden," said little Margie, as she looked across the way at the lovely flowers in a neighbor's yard; "but we are poor folks, and poor folks can't have gardens."

"What's that?" said her father; "you just wait and see."

That night he brought home a long box full of earth. He opened the window that looked into the street, and fastened it on the sill.

"We are going to have a garden," he said; "we've just the sunny spot for it here, and other people shall have the pleasure of it too. You may call it yours, Margie; and see, here are some seeds for you to plant in it."

Then he showed his little girl how to plant them: "A row of nasturtiums along the front edge, to hang over," he said. The next row was to be balsams and china-asters, and back of these, towards the room, some bright petunias. "The petunias will bloom till the cold weather," said father "and then you can take them in, and they will blossom all winter."

What a joy was that flower garden to little Margie! She weeded, and watered, and watched and wondered at it all summer long.

The neighbors enjoyed it, and passers-by looked up and were made glad by the bright, fresh blossoms.

And it didn't cost any more than the pitcher of beer that went into the next room every Saturday night.—*Morning Light.*

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

PSA. 25: 14.

The Family Circle.

ENTERING INTO THE CLOSET.

I need not leave the jostling world,
  Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my hands in secret prayer
  Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,
  As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
  My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,
  Of sinful works the fruitful seed;
When folly wins my ear no more,
  The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step approaching breaks
  The blissful silence of the place,
No shadow steals across the light
  That falls from my Redeemer's face.

And never through those crystal walls
  The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
  Drink in the spirit words I say.

One hearkening even cannot know
  When I have crossed the threshold o'er
For He alone who hears my prayer
  Has heard the shutting of the door.
—*Selected.*

A QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOR.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry,

"Thee means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a friend, named Isaac Martin, a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his ground?"

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs full of fruit hung over his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off those two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground and his pigs were eating the fruit?"

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first put him out—I kicked an ugly old dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose, was all the time prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick, and sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. The next morning a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off. I don't know when I felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous looks haunt me now; I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight."

"Thee was hasty in that friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterward. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgement of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded and called him hard names, and threatened."

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as though I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better; it grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"Oh, yes I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing, and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage-maker's bill, at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with a prosecution and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt the the time had come to act decisivly, and I sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that Dick was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he left gaps in the fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who had strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than his master or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy assuredly; and if thee does not get rid of him he will do thee great harm. Thee must, if thee would dwell in safety, friend Levering."

The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent towards his neighbor in a confidential manner.

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin!" The surprise of Paul was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him."

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him!" he ejacuated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quacker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer; I, Paul Levering, stain my hand with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" said the Quaker mildly.

"Why you!"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering, I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed. "A new way to kill people."

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try it."

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterward, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately, but to no purpose. The cart wheels were buried half-way to the axles in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stones off on to the side of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and unhitched his horse. But Dick pretended not to hear, and kept on pitching off the stones. "Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charlie's help we'll soon have the wheels on solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side. "There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's, and made the traces fast, "one pull, and the thing is done." Before Dick could get down from the cart, it was out of the mud-hole, and without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the front of Dick's animal, and hitching up again rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence, through which Levering's cattle had broken once or twice, thus removing temptation, and saving the cattle from being beaten and set on by the dogs.

"Thee's given him a bitter wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee does not kill him."

Not long afterward, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering, who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what its loss might occasion, hitched up his own wagon and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decine the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. "I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down at the ground instead of at Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team, yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it is only right that I should pay you for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerily, "if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You are quite welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must——"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in a time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed if you don't wish to stand my debtor, pay me in good will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and looking in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering, said: "Shall we not be friends?" Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip, and then, as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering, "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took it from God's armory, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors. They are sure to kill."—*Providence Evening Bulletin.*

WOMAN AMONG THE DRUZES.

BY MRS. W. A. BENTON.

It was as bright a morning as ever dawned over the old mountains of Lebanon. We were busy in our missionary work. Many of the natives were coming and going, some for books, others for medicines, some for a bit of calico, or a needle, others with their sick ones, and we must listen to all the stories of their aches, and pains, and sorrows, often all day long, trying to teach each one something of the malady of the sin-sick soul, and giving now and again a little tract to be taken to some distant village, with the prayer that it might prove a leaf from the tree of life, and lead to the healing of a heart diseased.

But here comes a lady arrayed in her white *ezaar*, and a tall horn, the badge of marriage vows. She is greatly agitated, and throws herself at my feet and tries to kiss them. "Rise up, my sister, don't kiss my feet! Tell me what you want. What can I do for you?"

Wringing her hands, she cries, out, "O lady, can you hide me? Can you hide me? They have sent home the knife. O lady, can you hide me?"

"Why, what do you mean, my poor friend? Who has sent a knife, and who is going to kill you?"

"O lady, when I was a little girl I was betrothed to my husband. He sent me this horn"—throwing aside her white veil, and showing her golden horn set with precious stones—"and my father sent him a *khunja*" (a large knife in a sheath worn at the belt). "My husband has sent back the knife now, and that means that I am to be killed."

"What have you done?"

"Done? I've been a true and faithful wife all these years. I have two sons as tall as a poplar tree, and one girl as fair as the moon; but my husband wants a new wife now, and he doesn't wish me to live to curse her."

Here she tried again to kiss my feet, and cried out as if in great agony, "O lady, do hide me!"

"My poor lady, I do wish I could hide you. I wish I could shelter you, but my husband is away on a missionary tour. Let me think a moment. What can I do for you?"

"If the *howadji* is not at home, you can't save me," said the poor woman, still crying and wringing her hands. "I must run toward the north part of the mountains and hide in a cave;" and away she ran, saying, "You are a Christian. Do ask God to help me!"

All day she was in our thoughts, and I almost reproached myself that I had not kept her with me.

About midnight that very night we were awakened by loud cries under our window. We had put a few panes of glass in the opening in the rude stone wall of our dwelling, and looking down upon the ground below, we saw a party of Druzes with lanterns, clubs and guns. They were beating our Arab neighbors, and screaming and yelling, and we soon understood that they were seeking that poor woman. We overheard some one saying, "She's in the lady's room." There was now a cessation of the screams, and a low-toned consultation seemed going on between the leaders of the party.

Soon three armed Druzes were seen to leave the others, turn round the corner of our home, and ascend the old stone stair-case, which was made by stones projecting out of the wall, and leading up to our upper room, which was built on the top of the lower one.

An Arab girl was with me in the room. By this time we had dressed ourselves and stood behind the door. As the men drew near the door, we stood leaning against it with all our strength, while they demanded their woman. "She is not here," we replied. "There was a Druze woman here this morning, but I know not where she is now."

They insisted upon coming in to search for her.

"But you must not come into our room in the night. This is an American harem, and you have no right to come in."

They began to push against the rude door, and just then, our native brother Kharlid's welcome voice was heard. He lived near by, had heard the noise at our house, and knowing my husband was away, had hastened over to look into the cause of the uproar.

"Let me in," said he. We opened the door, and he entered and shut it after him. The three Druzes stood outside.

Said our native brother in a low voice, "These Druzes are perfectly furious. They think you have secreted the woman in your room, and if you refuse to let them in, to search for her, why, they'll know you have her here, and they will take down the house stone by stone, but they will have her."

At my permission he now opened the door, and the worthy trio walked in. They looked about the room with no little curiosity. They had never seen a rocking-chair or a bureau. We had also an iron bedstead with white curtains, and one of them took hold of the post and shook it, saying, "Is this a carriage to ride in?" They had heard that the English rode in carriages, but they had never seen one. Our native brother threw aside the white curtain, and they saw our two little boys sleeping in the bed.

"Are these the lady's children?"

"They are," said Kharlid.

"Hope to God they are boys!"

"They are her two little sons."

They hoped we should live to see their sons, regretted they had been obliged to disturb us in the night, wished only to find their woman, and hoped my husband would return in safety.

They departed, going down the old stone steps as they came up, but they filled the night with terror, proceeding from house to house, beating the women and children, and with yells and shouts demanding their woman.

At last, being convinced that the woman was not secreted in the village, they left to seek her elsewhere. How our hearts went out after her! How earnestly we commended her to God, and hoped she would escape her cruel pursuers!

But in the course of three or four days she was found and taken to her father's house in Bedghan, and all her relatives—indeed, the whole tribe—were invited thither. When they assembled, her own brother butchered her with that knife which her father sent to her husband before her marriage, with this message, "Her life is in your hand." A return of the knife was a signal that her bad husband de-

mauded that she be slain. A long braid of her hair, wet with her life-blood, was cut off and sent with the golden horn to her husband, who soon brought home the new wife, her head adorned with the same golden horn, not knowing but that she might share a similar fate.

Such is woman's life among the Druzes. She is entirely at the mercy of the men, who never have but one wife at a time; but they can send her away at any moment, and bring a new one, or have her killed, as in the case described. When a wife is divorced or sent back, she goes to her father, or brother, or cousin, her nearest male relative, and he takes her in, and gives her bread. If she is rather young, he usually gets her married again, generally to some one lower in rank than her former husband. If she should dare to decline these marriage arrangements, she is turned out of doors, and no one will give her a home or shelter her for even a night. But the Gospel is softening even these wild Druzes. It is the Gospel which gives to woman her true position, and as its light penetrates the harems of Turkey and the dark zenanas of India and China, what a change will come over those lands! Educate the women in a country, and the elevation of that nation is sure.—*Zion's Herald.*

SHEEP-SHEARING.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Across a meadow covered with buttercups, through some nursery-grounds and a field where the red trefoil was in bloom, went the Shelton children one morning last week. They intended to have a long day, and they went prepared to picnic in the fields, instead of returning to dinner. On the whole they had rather an eventful time, and some of the party were taught a lesson which they are scarcely likely to forget.

They had become rather warm and tired after their walk, and were not sorry when they came to a large tree, under whose shelter they could sit and rest. Close to the tree was a stile, and when Tom, who was leaning against it, looked over, he blew a low whistle.

"What is it?" enquired Joe, with interest.

"A man shearing sheep," was the reply.

Instantly there was a general vaulting over the stile, for all wanted to see the process. It was a very interesting one, and afforded them great amusement.

"Are you Mr. Smith's man?" asked Tom.

"Yes, sir. I have sheared his sheep for him for forty years or more."

"It is not difficult work, is it?"

"Middling. Leastwise, like most things, it is easy enough when you know how to do it. But it needs practice."

"It does not appear to take you long. Will you get this lot finished to-day?"

"No, I shall not be able to do that. I shall get half done, perhaps."

The man had been working as he talked; and every 'click' of the shears took off a good piece of wool. The sheep was very quiet; but perhaps that was because the man held its head tightly between his knees.

"Does it hurt them?" enquired Edith.

"No, miss. I don't think it does. They don't seem to mind it."

"But they must feel rather strange after they have lost their coats."

"A little light and cold, perhaps," admitted the man; "but the wool soon begins to grow again."

At this moment there was a diversion. A shrill whistle rang through the air, followed by the "puff! puff!" of an engine.

"What's that," cried Joe. "Is there a new line of railway running through the fields?"

"Nothing of the kind," said the sheep-shearer. "It is only a steam plough working in that field yonder."

"Come and let us see it," said Edith, and away they went to see the new attraction. They saw a couple of engines, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the field, and a plough working between the two. A strong wire was attached, which was wound and unwound, according as the plough was going from or to the engine; and it was quite wonderful to see how cleverly the implement went through the hard ground and turned up the sods. After the children had watched it working for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, Joe remembered that he had left a basket at the place where the sheep-shearing was going on.

"You must go back and fetch it," said Edith, "for the tarts are in that basket, and it will be a great disappointment not to have them presently when we have luncheon."

"I will go with you," said Fred. "I did not forget my can of milk, you see. That is all safe, although mother prophesied that it would come to grief before we needed to drink it."

"And I will go, too," said Nellie. "My bag is a light one, but it has some necessary things in it, so I will take it with me."

"I will wait here until you all return," said Edith.

So they went without her. Perhaps if she had accompanied them her influence might have been sufficient to keep them out of mischief, for Edith, being the oldest of the family, and naturally staid and thoughtful, was frequently a kind of check to them.

They had little difficulty in reaching the spot where they had been before, and there, to their great relief, they found the missing basket.

"It is a wonder that some one has not taken it away," said Nellie.

"That might have been, but I took the precaution to place it among the long grass under the hedge," said Joe. "I put it down while I watched the sheep-shearer."

"I wonder where the man is," said Fred. "He has left his work, and is no doubt having his eleven o'clock somewhere."

"What a joke it would be to shear one of his sheep for him!" said Tom.

"I wonder if he has left his shears about? Yes, here they are on the wool. Now, see how I can do it."

"Nonsense, Tom; don't try. It is not likely that you can do it."

"I am sure I can, though. It is as easy as anything Help me a moment, Joe, and I will drag one out of the pen."

"Tom you will get into trouble," said they all; but Tom was resolved and seeing that the rest thought they would help him.

"Now, take care! Catch hold of this one."

The sheep ran out; but all the children surrounded it.

"You must throw it down, Tom, as you saw the man do, and hold its head tightly," said Nellie.

But the sheep kicked and struggled a great deal, and appeared to know that a boy was not as strong as a man. For some time the united efforts of the children failed to get the animal on its back. It managed to wriggle away, and with one kick sent over the can of milk.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Nellie, "and I am getting so thirsty."

"I couldn't help it," said Fred. "It was not my fault, but the fault of the stupid sheep Mind the basket, Joe!"

That, too, had been left on the ground, and shared the same fate as the can of milk, for it was kicked over, and the tarts were rolling in the dirt.

"Now I have him! Give me the shears, Joe, he cannot move now, and you shall see how nicely I can do the shearing."

"Pray take care not to cut the skin, Tom."

"All right, I will be careful."

Tom began as he had seen the man do by clipping the wool nearest the head.

"I don't call that shearing," said Fred "for you are leaving half the wool on."

"I would rather do that than cut the sheep," said Tom, "and these shears are hard to move."

"I wish I had my scissors here," said Nellie; "they would be much better than those great, ugly things. Oh, Tom, see! you have cut it after all! Poor thing!"

A sudden movement on the part of the sheep had caused Tom's hand to slip, and the sheep was seen bleeding. Perhaps the sight caused Tom to relax his hold, though no one could tell for certain how it happened but the next moment Tom had received a severe blow in his eye, which nearly blinded him. He sprang up and his sympathising brothers and sisters came near him; but the sheep with part of its wool dangling, ran away.

"What is the meaning of this?"

They all looked up to meet the angry gaze of Mr. Smith, who had suddenly appeared on the scene.

Nellie, more courageous than her brothers, told the truth, and Mr. Smith grew more angry still.

"You have done considerable damage," he said, "and unless you pay me a sovereign within the next two hours I will have you summoned before the magistrates."

A sovereign! Tom had just received one for his quarter's pocket-money; but he gave it up, and went away a sadder and a wiser boy.

I do not think he will again attempt shearing other people's sheep; and it is to be hoped that he will not undertake work of the kind, at least until he knows how to do it.—*Christian World.*

A LITTLE GOSSIP, AND HOW SHE WAS CURED.

Alice Porter was a bright little seven years old, and went to school in a room with never so many little girls and boys of her own age. Besides their regular lessons they often learned pretty poetry to recite, and they sang every day. Out of school Alice played a great deal with some little girls, especially with Fannie Rice and Etta Allen. After a while a new family moved on the same street, and soon Dora Day became another friend and playmate. Altogether Alice had a pretty good time, and really enjoyed herself. Her mother and sisters noticed with pain that she had gained a bad habit of talking about her playmates, and in fact, about everybody. Mrs. Porter hardly knew how to correct the evil, as it was gained at school and at play; but an incident occurred that showed this habit to Alice in a strong light, and cured her of the evil into which she had unconsciously fallen.

Let me tell you the story. One afternoon Mrs. Porter and her older girls were seated, all busy with sewing and writing, when Alice, with Etta Allen, rushed in all out of breath.

"Oh, mamma!" shouted Alice, swinging her bonnet by one string, "Dora Day is arrested, and is carried off to the station-house by a policeman!"

Mrs. Porter dropped her work and opened her eyes in surprise.

"Yes," chimed in Etta eagerly, "and when we told Mrs. Day, the tears just came into her eyes, like everything."

"What does it mean?" gasped Mrs. Porter in astonishment, while the girls waited in anxiety to know why sweet little Dora Day should be arrested.

"Well," said Alice, quite willing to tell the astounding news, "Dora hurt a girl at school, and she laid all night on her bed, and this morning she doesn't know anything, and she is going to die, and they are going to bury her Sunday, and—"

At this point, her excited audience burst into shrieks of laughter, while Alice, unable to understand the cause of this change in feeling, burst in eagerly and a little sullenly, "Well, she is, and they are going to get her a little white velvet coffin—"

Another burst of laughter again greeted her, and she indignantly turned away.

"So you told her mother, did you?" queried Nina.

"Yes," answered Alice.

"What did you tell her?"

"Just what I told you," replied Alice.

"Yes, and Mrs. Day went right after her 'cause she didn't come home at noon," added Etta.

Soon the little girls were at play again in front of the house, and Nina on going out saw Alice looked a little crest-fallen, but paid no attention to her until Alice grasped her dress, and whispered, "Dora's come back with Mrs. Day; don't tell mamma!"

Nina got away without promising, and going into the house said, "Now, mother, this has got to be stopped! Dora has come back all right, and Alice has asked me not to tell you; she is evidently afraid of spoiling her story. She is getting to be a little gossip. What shall we do!"

"There, calm yourself, Nina, we must think about it; call Alice in."

Alice came in alone and very reluctantly.

"Now, Alice," said Mrs. Porter, "I want you to tell me the whole story, just as it is. Where did you hear that Dora was arrested?"

Alice, anxious to vindicate herself, answered readily, "Why, that Mathews girl, on Atkins street, told me. She told me that Dora Day most killed a girl, and that a policeman took Dora away."

All this Alice said with numerous gesticulations, expressive of earnestness. "Well, you see Dora is at home all right, and you repeated that story to Mrs. Day, making her cry, and be very much alarmed. What do you suppose I should have done if any little girl had told me that Alice had been carried off by a policeman for most killing a girl?" I believe I should die!"

Alice began to comprehend that somehow she had done wrong, but exclaimed, "Well, I know part of it is true, and that Mathews girl told me the rest?"

"What part do you know to be true?"

"Why I saw a girl crying yesterday afternoon and they said Dora hurt her, and that a policeman would take her, and Dora said she hurt a girl and meant to." "Now very likely," said Nina who was boiling over with indignation, "very likely Mrs. Day and Dora will always be angry at you, and with good cause too! And ma will have to bear it too, just because you were foolish enough to repeat what you heard from some one else!"

Mrs. Porter silenced Nina's righteous outburst, and said quietly to Alice, "Didn't you know, Alice, that men and women who repeat stories like that about each other, are put in prison or made to pay a large amount of money?"

"No, are they?" queried Alice in surprise.

"Yes, my child, and the only reason they won't do the same to you, is because you are a little girl, and they think you don't know anything, but this habit of repeating will grow on you, and when you are older, you may have to be punished that way." Alice began to cry, "Oh, mamma! I didn't mean to do anything! I guess they made it up; I don't believe that little girl will die."

Her brother Alfred had been listening to the whole story, and, saying, "I'll go and see Day about it!" with a face full of mischief, went out, and soon returned, saying, "Day says—" but was interrupted by Alice's sobs and tears. Several times he attempted to go on, but never got farther than "Day says—" To this day, if Alice repeats a story against any one, all that is necessary to stop her, is to say, "Day says—", or "she is dead, or most dead, and they are going to bury her Sunday."—*Standard.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXII.

From the New Testament alone,
Resolves these questions truly;
The answers two acrostics make,
When ranged in order duly.

1. The brook that Jesus had to cross,
The traitor's band to meet?

2. The symbol of the prayers of saints,
Acceptable and sweet?

3. When Mary saw the Master risen,
Her cry of recognition?

4. The fourth of seven—the daily care
Of widows was their mission?

5. He who, in recklessness profane,
His birthright blessing sold?

6. And he who vexed his righteous soul
With Sodom's crimes of old?

7. The band wherein a Roman served,
With right devout behavior?

8. And he, at Rome, whom Paul salutes,
"Our helper" in the Saviour?

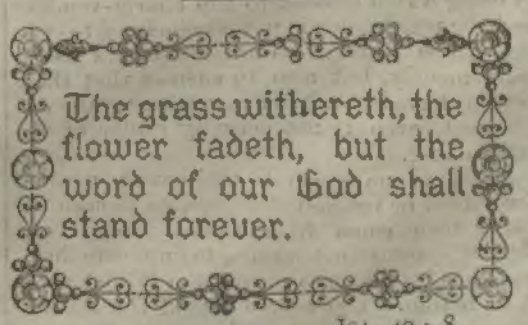
9. And lastly, he, progenitor
Of Christ's reputed father,
Whose name the sixth in upward rank,
From Joseph's line we gather?

The *initials* and the *finals* take
From every term selected,
Except "the symbol of the prayers,"
And this must be bisected.

See the first Gentile Christian's name,
Framed from the signs initial;
And in the finals upward read,
Behold his rank official.

May we, like him, by Peter taught,
Renounce our Gentile pride,
And by the Spirit from above
Our hearts be purified!

CLOTHES-PINS.—The Newark *Advertiser* says: Insignificant as the common wooden clothes-pin is itself, its manufacture forms no mean part in American industries, and the numerous factories in New England and other States furnish employment to thousands of people. There are several large clothes-pin manufactories in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and one in the vicinity of Saratoga, N.Y., each of which is capable of turning out a thousand boxes, or 72,000 pins, per week. There are several small factories scattered throughout Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and all are run by water power. As a rule, those engaged in the manufacture of clothes-pins are Quakers. Beech, white birch, and poplar are the woods used in making the article, the birch and poplar being considered the best. The machinery employed is very simple. The wood is first sawed into logs four feet in length, and then cut into small, square sticks by means of a cutting machine. Each stick after being rounded in a lathe, is passed into another machine which throws out a number of perfectly formed pins at one cut and with great rapidity. The pins are then thrown into a large revolving cylinder and smoothed by friction with each other. New York and Boston are the principal markets for this ware, and hence they are shipped in large quantities to the West, and to England and Australia. Over 100,000 boxes of pins are annually sent to England, and a corresponding number to Melbourne, Sydney, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands. Owing to the depression in business, during the past two years, prices have fallen off 25 per cent., and some of the manufacturers in New England have ceased operations because they could buy cheaper from the West than they could manufacture themselves, besides saving the expense of packing and transportation. The price depends entirely upon the finish and number in a box.



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A CURIOUS CHINESE MANIA.

The tail-cutting mania has at last reached the capital. For the last year or two we have heard of the excitement caused by it in various Southern cities, but till now we have been exempt. During the past few days, however, the whole city has been stirred up; lost cues and paper men have been in everybody's mouth, if they have had little existence elsewhere. There can be no doubt that a few unfortunates have had their much-loved, and by them esteemed most essential, appendages curtailed, and rumor has multiplied the number a hundred-fold. In the Northern city it is said the Southern city has suffered vastly the most, while in the Southern city the report flies that a large proportion of the Northerners are tailless. The same is true of the East and the West. As this is a city of magnificent distances and without rapid transit, the reports have time to grow very large in passing from one portion to another.

The *modus operandi* is supposed to be for the dealers in the black art to make paper men sufficient for their purposes, and then by certain incantations they endue them with life, subject to the control of their masters, and ready to execute their commands, either in secretly cutting off cues or breaking out in open revolt.

But why should the loss of a little hair cause such excitement and fear? Not so much for the loss itself as for what it is supposed to indicate and portend. The people imagine the paper men are the agents, that the magic-working members of secret societies are the instigators, and that it portends speedy death. Some say that three days is the limit, others say seven days, other still grant a life-lease for a hundred days, and there are some who think that if a certain charm is at once prepared and swallowed, it has sufficient potency to counteract the evil influence and cast out the death-power already working in the system. But here, as elsewhere, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." One cannot doubt the resources or the readiness of the Chinese when we see the number of remedies and safeguards proposed. I will mention one or two as samples. Certain characters, found in no dictionary and to which no meaning is attached, but are said to have been made known by genii, are to be written and put up over the door or braided in with the hair. This charm, is to be written on yellow paper and with vermilion ink. If it is mixed with blood drawn from the comb of a cock, the charm will be doubly infallible.

It is said also that these paper men cannot stand water. In the eighteenth year of the Emperor Chia Ch'ing, 1814, so the story runs, the professors of black art made a great disturbance here in Peking, coming very near getting possession of the palace and overthrowing the government. The first that was known a man who was taking coal into the palace in the evening was killed, when suddenly the whole palace was found swarming with strangers, many of whom were found perching on the beams and on the various projections of the buildings. The Crown Prince bravely seized his firearms and attempted to shoot some of them, but at first failed. He then went to the chief eunuch and asked for balls, but he would not give him any. The prince then tore some buttons off from his clothes and succeeded in killing two of the assailants, when suddenly, by the miraculous interposition of Heaven, there fell a great shower of rain and destroyed all the intruders. In the morning the ground was found covered with paper men. With full faith in this story a great many people now fill a vessel with water and place it inside their doors at night, expecting the paper man, if he comes, to be overcome by the sight of the water, or, by the vapor which rises from it, to fall in and be transformed into paper. I have not heard, however, that any have been caught in the trap.

The government, I hear, has offered a reward for the apprehension of any member of the secret societies. Some are reported to have been arrested on suspicion, and if so, will very likely suffer, even if innocent, as the officials will deem a display of severity of importance. Placards are posted up throughout the city. They profess to be put up with the benevolent design of telling the people how they may guard against the danger; how the charm should be written and used, or at what temples offerings should be made. But as this tends to bring a rich harvest to the charm-vendors and the priests, one is not only inclined to consider these placards as advertisements issued anonymously, but also to suspect that these persons have had a hand in getting up the excitement, even if not actually guilty of the tail-cutting.

There is no general excitement against foreigners or native Christians, as though the paper men came from them, though one placard appeared attempting to implicate them. This has been sent to the foreign Ministers for their action. The people attend the mission chapels quite as much, and seem to listen as quietly and attentively as before the excitement.

Rain has been falling all day to-day, and if it does not destroy the paper men it will be invaluable for the crops. This is the second rain this spring, which, together with the snow which fell during the winter, gives such good hopes of a harvest that the high prices of provisions have begun to decline in this section. But there is still much suffering among the poor, and we know it is much more severe further South. Many are actually starving in Shantung, and others are leaving their homes to seek for work and food in other places.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

The Lord's portion is his people.

DEUT. 32 : 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XL.

SEPTEMBER 9.]

PAUL AT EPHESUS. [About 55-57 A. D.]

READ Acts xix. 1-12. RECITE vs. 3-6.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xix. 1-12. *T.*—1 Cor. iii. 1-11. *W.*—Acts viii. 9-24. *Th.*—Matt. iii. 1-12. *F.*—1 Cor. xiv. 1-15. *Sa.*—Heb. iii. 7-19. *S.*—Mark xvi. 14-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.—1 Thess. i. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Holy Ghost gives grace and power.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul was accused before Gallio (a brother of the famous Seneca), proconsul at Corinth, but his Jewish accusers were dismissed with contempt by Gallio. Paul some time after left Corinth for Syria; he stopped on his way at Ephesus, having left Aquila and Priscilla there, and promising to return; he sailed to Cæsarea, went to Jerusalem and to Antioch in Syria. After remaining at Antioch some time he started on his third missionary journey (lasting about four years), and reached Ephesus.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how Paul instructs John's disciples, and how divine power is given to him in his work for Christ in this noted seat of idolatry.

NOTES.—*Eph'-e-sus*, a chief commercial and free city of the East; capital of the province of Asia; situated on a plain near the sea; in Paul's time had three noted buildings: (1.) *Temple of Diana*, one of the Seven Wonders of the world, was 220 years in building; was of the purest marble, 425 feet long, 220 feet wide; supported by 27 columns 60 feet high, cut out of Parian marble, each column being given by a king, and 30 of them carved by the famous sculptor Scopas; the massive doors were of carved cypress, the halls filled with famous statuary and paintings; in the centre an image of the goddess Diana. (2.) *The theatre* said to be the largest of its kind, and excavated out of rock upon the side of Mount Orion; built by the Greeks, and capable of holding 50,000 spectators. (3.) *The stadium*, or circus, 685 feet long, and 200 feet wide; the place for races, wrestlings, fights with wild beasts, etc. Ephesus is now in ruins. *A-pol'-los*, a Jew of Alexandria, learned in the Scriptures, eloquent; preached at Corinth, Ephesus, and other places; Luther conjectures that he wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. *Ty-ran'-nus*, a teacher of a private Jewish school, or a Greek teacher of rhetoric and philosophy at Ephesus.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL AND JOHN'S DISCIPLES. (II.) PAUL'S PREACHING AND MIRACLES AT EPHESUS.

I. PAUL AND JOHN'S DISCIPLES. (1.) APOLLOS, see Notes; UPPER COASTS, old English for "districts," hence "inland districts." Acts xviii. 23. (2.) HAVE YE, etc., "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when [not 'since'] ye believed?"—*(Alford)*; WE HAVE, etc., "We did not hear whether there is a Holy Ghost."—*(Alexander)*. (3.) JOHN'S BAPTISM, John the Baptist. Matt. iii. (4.) COME AFTER HIM, John i. 15. (6.) SPAKE WITH TONGUES, Acts ii. 4; x. 46; PROPHESIED, preached by inspiration. Acts ii. 17.

I. QUESTIONS.—State the title of the last lesson. Of this lesson. State the events mentioned as occurring between them. On which of his missionary journeys was Paul at this time? When had he before been at Ephesus? For how long? Who were left there? Through what countries did he now reach Ephesus? Where was Apollos at this time? Describe his character. What disciples did Paul find at Ephesus? How question them? State their answer. Paul's further question. Their reply. Paul's view of John's work. The new baptism. Into whose name? The effect on them? Where similar effects are noted? The number of these disciples?

II. PAUL'S WORK AND MIRACLES AT EPHESUS. (8.) DISPUTING . . . PERSUADING, arguing, convincing, proving. (9.) DIVERS, old English for "several," "many;" WERE HARDENED, Rom. xi. 8; SEPARATED THE DISCIPLES—that is, from the Jews in the synagogue; SCHOOL . . . TYRANNUS, see Notes. (10.) TWO YEARS, after removing to the school of Tyrannus; Paul preached three years in Ephesus, see Acts xx. 31; ASIA, see Notes. (11.) SPECIAL MIRACLES—that is, uncommon, extraordinary miracles. (12.) FROM HIS BODY—that is, after touching him with them; HANDKERCHIEFS, called also "napkins" in Luke xix. 20 and John xi. 44; strictly, "sweat-cloths" for wiping the sweat from the face; APRONS, such as artisans and workmen wore.

II. QUESTIONS.—In what building did Paul first preach at Ephesus? How long? State the subjects of his preaching. Why did he leave the synagogue? Where go to preach? Who were taken with him? How long did he preach in this school? How long in Ephesus? How widely was the gospel spread there by him? What kind of miracles did he perform? By what means? State the two kinds of afflicted persons healed.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The importance of receiving a special gift of the Holy Spirit?

(2.) That hearing and resisting the gospel hardens men in sin?

(3.) That Jesus has power to destroy the evil spirit in men now?

ILLUSTRATION.—*Handkerchiefs.* In the East handkerchiefs are wrought with the needle by women, as tapestry and embroidery are worked among us. Young women of the East make them as presents for their fathers, brothers, and lovers. They are almost constantly carried in the hand in those warm countries to wipe off the sweat.

Work of the Holy Spirit. "To unconverted persons a great part of the Bible resembles a letter written in unknown characters. The blessed Spirit's office is to give the key and clue to those sweet mysteries of grace which were before as a garden shut up or as a book written in cipher."—*(Toplady.)*

Power of the Holy Spirit. "Tell me," said a father to his son, "what difference you can detect between two needles, one of which has received electricity, whilst the other has none. Electricity renders the one needle a magnet, which will enable man to find his way across the trackless ocean. As this needle, so may that soul be which has received the Holy Ghost; on the ocean of a sinful world it shall point wanderers to the safe harbor of everlasting rest."

LESSON XII.

SEPTEMBER 16.]

POWER OF THE WORD. [About 56-57 A. D.]

READ Acts xix. 17-28. RECITE vs. 17-20.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xix. 17-28. *T.*—Acts ii. 37-47. *W.*—1 John i. *Th.*—Isa. lv. 6-13. *F.*—Rom. xv. 20-32. *Sa.*—2 Tim. iv. 16-22. *S.*—Acts xvi. 16-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.—Heb. iv. 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Word of God triumphs.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Some Jewish magicians attempted to imitate the miracles of Paul at Ephesus, but were overcome of the demons, and the name of Jesus was magnified.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read Acts xix., vs. 13-41, to get the whole of the narrative; notice that the Ephesian converts gave good proofs of their sincerity by burning their bad books rather than selling them for a great price.

NOTES.—*Books*, written rolls of parchment containing secret directions for sorcerers and magicians, and sold at a great price. *A-cha'-ia*, the southern portion of the Grecian Peninsula; Greece proper, as distinguished from Macedonia; in Paul's time it was a Roman province governed by a "deputy" or proconsul; Gallio became proconsul about A. D. 53. *E-ras'-tus*, one of Paul's helpers, was at Corinth, 2 Tim. iv. 20; another Erastus was treasurer at Corinth, and is referred to in Rom. xvi. 23. *De-me'-tri-us*, a wealthy silversmith of Ephesus. *Silver shrines*, probably small silver models of the Temple of Diana.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE REVIVAL AT EPHESUS. (II.) THE MESSENGERS TO MACEDONIA. (III.) MOB OF THE IDOL-MAKERS.

I. THE REVIVAL AT EPHESUS. (17.) THIS, the evil spirits' attack on the Jewish sorcerers, vs. 14-16; WAS MAGNIFIED, honored, extolled. (18.) SHEWED THEIR DEEDS, explained and exposed their superstitious practices. (19.) CURIOUS ARTS, secret tricks; BOOKS, see Notes; FIFTY THOUSAND PIECES, literally "five myriads of silver," probably 50,000 *drachmas*, equal to about $8,000. (20.) MIGHTILY, by force the word grew.

I. QUESTIONS.—Who tried to imitate the miracles of Paul? With what result on themselves? What effect had it on others at Ephesus? Whose name was magnified? State the meaning of "magnified?" How many believed? Of what class? What did they confess and expose? What burn? The value of the works burned? What grew and prevailed? What is meant by "the word grew?"

II. THE MESSENGERS TO MACEDONIA. (21.) PURPOSED, planned in his mind; MUST . . . SEE ROME, see also Rom. xv. 28, 29 (probably written after he left Ephesus). (22.) MINISTERED, serving or aiding him; ERASTUS, see Notes.

II. QUESTIONS.—Whither did Paul plan to go? When did he reach Rome, and how? Acts xxviii. 16. Who were sent into Macedonia? Where did the apostle stay? Describe "Asia."

III. MOB OF THE IDOL-MAKERS. (24.) DEMETRIUS, . . . SHRINES, see Notes; CRAFTSMEN, artisans, silver-workers. (25.) THIS CRAFT, this trade. (26.) THROUGHOUT ALL ASIA, the Roman province of Asia; MUCH PEOPLE, literally "a sufficient crowd;" NO GODS, Ps. cxv. 4-9, Acts xvii. 29. (27.) SET AT NOUGHT, or "come to nothing" or to shame; TEMPLE . . . DIANA, "Gain was his first plea; his second was false piety mixed with pride."—*(Jacobus.)* (28.) FULL OF WRATH, anger; false religionists are often full of wrath.

III. QUESTIONS.—What arose in Ephesus before Paul left? Who led the silversmiths? Why were they aroused? How did Demetrius first appeal to them? v. 25. State his charge against Paul. His second plea to his fellow-tradesmen. What were the shrines? Describe the temple of Diana. How did the tradesmen show their excitement and anger?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That the power of Christ will overcome enemies and strengthen friends?

(2.) That true converts will forsake unlawful business and destroy their wicked works and possessions?

(3.) That gain and self-interest may blind men to true religion?

ILLUSTRATION.—*Do nothing rashly.* "The counsel of the town-clerk at Ephesus was, 'Do nothing rashly.' A gentleman was accustomed to say, when pressed to do anything of consequence in haste, 'Let us first advise with the town-clerk of Ephesus.' One may do that in haste which he may repent at leisure—may do what may cost him hundreds of pounds, besides the trouble which he would not have undergone for thousands."—*(Cotton Mather.)*

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THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF THE DOMINION MONTHLY contain, the beginning of an illustrated article by Col. Gray, entitled "On the Stickine." The Stickine is a river in Alaska, up which Col. Grey recently made a trip, the account of which he presents to our readers.

GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE two of the best accomplishments young ladies can have, and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is entirely unnecessary. A bad cold, if obtained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable; but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Put on corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of DRESS AND HEALTH have done much to direct public attention in this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 30 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

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